EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

CORTHELL SC.

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I have lived long enough to know what I did not at one time believe,—that no society can be upheld in happiness and honor without the sentiment of religion. LAPLACE.

For Every Other Sunday.

A PUZZLE.

BY BERTHA M. SNOW.

Folks say that grandma looks like me:
Now I don't see how that can be!
Why, her hair's just as white as snow;
But I have golden curls, you know!

Her eyes are dim and faded, too,
But mine are big and bright and blue;
And she can't walk without a stick,
But I can run — oh, awful quick!

Her face is wrinkled, too, and thin;
But I've a dimple in my chin,
And both my cheeks are round, and red
As apples, so my papa said.

'Most every day she takes a nap,
And all the time she wears a cap.
Still, folks say grandma looks like me.
Now do you see how that can be?

For Every Other Sunday.

TWO BOSTON BOYS IN LONDON.

Second Letter.

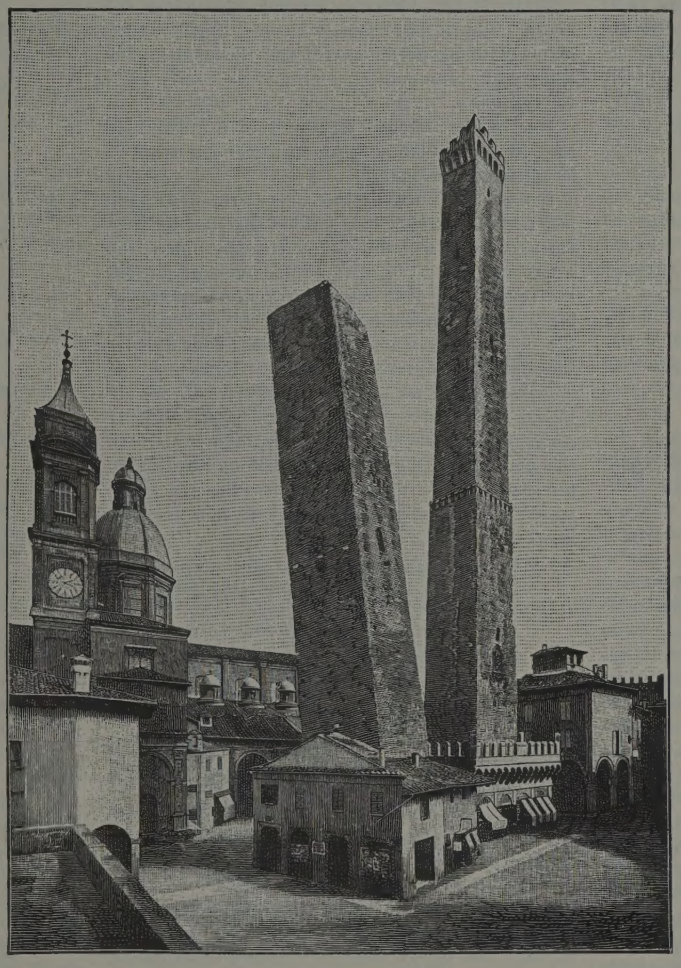
BY MAX BENNETT THRASHER.

303 Upper Woburn Place,
Russell Square, London, W.C.

"*Dear Grandfather,*—I started to tell you in my last letter about the coronation chair that we saw in Westminster Abbey.

"You know all the kings and queens of England come to Westminster to be crowned. The place where the ceremony is performed is on a raised platform just in front of the altar. This is not at one end of the building, as you might have supposed, but just about in the middle of the Abbey. When a king or queen is to be crowned, the coronation chair is placed on this platform. At other times it is kept just back of the altar, behind a high partition of carved stone, which they call a screen. This screen is beautifully carved, but so many hundred years old that many of the finer corners have been broken away. This really brings the chair in a separate part of the Abbey, in what is called St. Edward's Chapel.

"Many people think this is the most sacred part of the whole building, because so many of the famous kings and queens of old times are buried there that it is often called the 'Chapel of the Kings.' But all these things are so interesting that they ought to have a letter by themselves Anyway, I shall not try to tell you about them now, because I have got all I can put into this letter without them.



LEANING TOWERS — BOLOGNA, ITALY.

"This coronation chair was made in 1297, just six hundred years ago. It is of oak, and very heavy and rough. It would look to me now as if it had been made by a very poor carpenter; but that may be because it is so old, and worn with time. There are lots of worm-holes in it. The guide book we have says that, when it was made, it was very beautifully painted by a famous artist of that time, and that it was set with a great many false jewels. There isn't a jewel left now, though, and no signs of paint, except that the little lions which are carved for the feet still show some gilding.

"Before this chair was used, there was another one. The reason why they had a new one made is one of the oddest things about it all. Just beneath the seat of the chair, and held up by the strong frame work of the legs, is a big stone about two feet square and several inches thick. It looks like granite, and is what used to be known as the 'Sacred Stone of Scone.' There is a queer story which goes back ever so many years, and says that this was the stone which Jacob used for a pillow. Of course, nobody believes that now; but it is true that ever so many hundred years ago the Scotch people thought a great deal of this stone, and their rulers were all crowned on it. They had a tradition that so long as the Stone of Scone was in Scotland that country could not be conquered. The English kings knew this; and so in the wars which were all the time going on between England and Scotland they tried to capture the stone, and bring it away with them. Finally, just six hundred years ago, King Edward I. was successful in doing this, and brought the Stone of Scone to London. Then he had the new coronation chair made and the stone placed in it, because he claimed that Scotland belonged to England, and that one king ought to rule over both countries. The Scotch people, in years afterward, tried to buy the stone back at a great price; but the English would not give it up, and the Scotch army was never strong enough to come and take it. So ever since 1297 the kings and queens of England have been crowned in their own royal chair and on the Stone of Scone at the same time Since the two kingdoms were united, when King James of Scotland, the cousin of Queen Elizabeth, became king of England, it has seemed very appropriate.

"The coronation chair sits behind an iron rail, so that visitors cannot get close enough to touch it. Only a hundred or so years ago people used to be allowed to sit in it at a sixpence each. Just think of it! That is as bad as our dime museums. They don't let them do that now.

"When there was no one else in the chapel, though, the verger who was showing us about took us behind the railing, so we could see the chair close at hand; and that was how I came to know about the name whittled in the seat. You see it is not very light in the chapel, anyway; and from the other side of the railing one does not notice it. The seat of the chair is a heavy oak plank. The words whittled in there read: 'P. Abbott slept here Jan. 3d, 1801.' The letters are an inch or more long, and dug down into the wood, just as the names were whittled into the tops of the

wooden desks in that old school-house up in Vermont, which you took us into once, where you used to go to school when you were a boy.

"It seems that P. Abbott was a Westminster school-boy. There has been a school here for boys, connected with the Abbey, for a number of hundred years. The boys live in a queer old stone building on one side of the Dean's yard. The Dean is the man who is at the head of the Abbey. We should call him the minister. He preaches sometimes; but generally one of his assistants, who are called 'Canons,' does that. We have heard him once. Father can tell you what he thought of him. I guess I had better not tell what I thought. It was probably my own fault.

"This boy made a bet with one of the other boys that he dare stay in the Abbey all night alone. When it came time for the building to be closed for the night, he hid somewhere, and got locked in. It would be easy to do that, for there are so many out-of-the-way corners. Then, after all, he was afraid the other boy would not believe him the next day, unless he had some proof; and so he took his knife after it began to grow light in the morning, before the Abbey was unlocked, and whittled the proof on the coronation chair.

"At first I didn't believe the story, although, of course, I didn't tell the verger so; but, when I came to ask father about it, he said it was really true, and that there was historic proof of it besides the whittling. I have wondered so many times since what they did to him when it was found out. I think he must have been punished pretty hard in some way, but no one seems to know. Anyway, I think he must have been a brave boy, even if it was a foolish thing to do. I don't believe there are many men who would like to stay in that big, lonesome old building, alone all night. There are ever and ever so many tombs, built up on the floor like great stone boxes, and the statues of the folks who have been buried either standing beside the tombs or else stretched out on them, lying on their backs, with hands folded across their breast. A man might be ever so sure in his own mind that there are no such things as ghosts; and yet I don't believe but what, after he had been there a few hours in the dark, alone, he would jump once in a while, and think that he saw some of them moving.

"Then I must tell you about the other coronation chair; for there are two, just alike except that one is new, standing beside each other. Only the new one has never been used but once.

"You remember there was once a king and queen of England, William and Mary, who were asked to come over from Orange and rule together. Well, when they were to be crowned, as they were to be just equal in rank, it was necessary to have a second chair. So another chair was made just like the first one, except that the seat was put in about four inches higher. The reason for that, as it was explained to us, seemed very funny.

"Queen Mary, as the real heir to the throne, was to sit in the old coronation chair. Now she was a very large woman and quite tall, while her husband, William of Orange, was rather a small man, and not nearly as tall as she. Not to have this show at the coronation, so he would seem to be inferior to her, the seat of the chair in which he was to sit was made high enough to bring him up equal with the queen.

"Of course, the coronation chair has not been used for a great many years, Queen Victoria has ruled so long. Except that ten years ago, when her golden jubilee was celebrated, Queen Victoria came to Westminster Abbey for that ceremony, and sat in the chair. The chair was carried around in front of the altar then, and placed just where she had sat fifty years before. A magnificent robe of ermine and cloth of gold was thrown over it; but, that every one might see that it was the real chair, one corner of the robe was thrown back, so that the worm-eaten old oak frame could be seen.

"There are a lot more interesting things to tell you about the Abbey, but they will have to wait for another letter.

"Your affectionate grandson,

"George Faxon."

For Every Other Sunday.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

BY ETTA CARY IDE.

PLACES that we have long dreamed over, through the medium of pictures, poetry, and prose, often prove a disappointment when we actually come into their presence.

Westminster Abbey is an old, old theme for poets, authors, historians, who have made us familiar with its poetic charm and the associations which have been gathering around its stately walls for centuries.

One of the sweetest memories of a memorable tour in foreign lands is of an afternoon spent in its gloomy grandeur.

It was one Sunday in the summer of 1894. We had gone to four o'clock service, and had by good fortune been seated in that treasured spot, the Poets' Corner. We were too far distant to hear the sermon, so gave ourselves up to contemplating the age-darkened beauty of the Abbey. Among the many monuments on the walls about us were those of Shakespeare, Milton, Burns, Handel, and Thackeray, the men whose thoughts have so enriched the world of literature, whose undying songs bring such melody to mind and heart. In this great burial-place of kings and queens, and in the shadow of the Poets' Corner, the lines on Shakspeare's tomb seemed fraught with a new meaning: —

> "The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
> Yea all which it inherits, shall dissolve,
> And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
> Leave not a wreck behind."

The choir was hidden from our view, but from far away came the sweet strains of the hymn, "Abide with me." The words went ringing through that vast edifice till from each chapel, aisle, and tomb came back the echo in tuneful reiteration, "Where is death's sting? where grave thy victory?" One's eyes became moist under the sublime spell, as the music seemed going farther and farther away into unknown regions, till it was lost in the dense gloom of the arches above us. The flickering shadows cast on the pavement through the richly colored windows disappeared, the darkness gathered as the last note died away, and with the silence came deeper convictions of the vanity of all earthly things. But the mystic spell of the service amid the aisles and arches of that gray old Abbey yet remains; for still rings through my memory that sweet appeal, "Abide with me."

Such moments, such memories, help us to rise above the finite and grasp the infinite.

Though like the baseless fabric of a vision "we must dissolve," still comes the thought, "I triumph still, if thou abide with me."

Rest is not quitting
The busy career:
Rest is the fitting
Of self to one's sphere.
'Tis loving and serving
The highest and best;
'Tis onward, unswerving.
And this is true rest.

Goethe.

For Every Other Sunday.

ALMA.

BY A. M. MARRIOTT.

Well I know a little girlie,
Fair to see;
Rosy lips and brown eyes dancing,
Full of glee;
Brown head bobbing up serenely
Here and there;
Little feet so lightly tripping
Everywhere.

Always ready for a frolic,
In for fun;
Ever ready to be helping
Every one.
Helps her papa drive the cattle
Home all right,
Helps her brother with the feeding
Every night.

Hunts the hens' eggs in the hay mow,—
Finds them, too;
Drives the straying turkeys homeward
Through the dew.
Wears her brother's cap and jacket,—
Full of joy
If her papa only calls her
His "good boy."

Urged to play with girlish playthings
All in vain,
At the mention of a dolly
Shows disdain.
Much prefers a target rifle
Or a ball;
Thinks a jolly race with brother
Best of all.

Books are first among her treasures,
Next a cat;
Hard to tell which one she loves best,
This or that.
Loves her teacher and her schoolmates,—
Loves them well;
Happy as a robin, when she
Hears the bell.

Merry, busy, brown-eyed Alma,
May the years
Find her, as they're passing o'er her,
Free from tears!
May her life be pure and spotless
As a dove,
Following in the steps of Jesus
Christ above.

For Every Other Sunday.

POLLY'S MISSIONARY DOLL.

BY MARTHA CROMBIE WOOD.

POLLY WIGGINS sat rocking baby Paul's cradle, watching the little pink lids close slowly over the sleepy blue eyes, and wondering what babies dreamed about when they smiled in their sleep.

Last night Polly had dreamed about the snow, which had begun to fall just before her bed-time. Now she did wish Paul would go to sleep, so she might coast down the long hill on her little red sled.

When baby's eyes were quite hidden by the soft pink eyelid curtains, and Polly had counted fifty to make sure that he was in By-low-land, she began putting on her wraps. Just as she was tying her hood, the door-bell rang. Of course, Polly wondered who it could be; for, living in the country, she had very few visitors, and it was always such fun to guess before opening the door.

"Good-morning, my dear," said a kind, motherly woman, as she kissed Polly's soft, rosy cheek.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Edwards. Come right in, and I will tell mother that you are here."

As Mrs. Edwards sat by the fire, warming her hands, Mrs. Wiggins said,—

"I cannot help wondering about the poor people who have no food or warm clothing to protect them from the cold."

"Yes," said Mrs. Edwards. "How sad a mother must feel when her children are cold and hungry, and she cannot make them comfortable! I have just had a letter from one of the Chicago missions, and there is so much suffering among the poor."

Soon these mothers were busy planning how they could send boxes of food and clothing to the mission in the city. At last they decided to ask all the neighbors to send food and warm dresses, cloaks and hoods, to Mrs. Wiggins' home, where they could be packed in large boxes.

All day long Polly was so busy running to the door to receive bundles that her plans for coasting were quite forgotten. That evening, while her mother was putting Baby Paul to bed, Polly sat rocking her only doll, Louisa May, and telling her about the poor little children in the city.

When Paul was asleep, Polly's mother came into the room, and found her little girl sitting very quietly, with her head resting upon Louisa May's bright curls, and knew she was thinking. Thinking she might help Polly, she said,—

"What is troubling my little girl?"

"Mamma," said Polly, "do those little girls in the city have dolls to comfort them, when they are lonely?"

"I am afraid not. They do not have money to buy them with," said her mother.

Polly sat hugging Louisa May to her and thinking for a long time. At last she said,—

"Mamma, I have my baby brother and my little kitten to play with, besides my dolly; and I would like to send my dolly to some little girl in the city."

Then the tears came into her eyes and her lips trembled; for you know she had only one doll, and she had loved Louisa May for more than a year. That night she slept with dolly in her arms.

The next afternoon, when the boxes were all packed and the covers were to be put on, Louisa May was kissed over and over, then placed in the softest spot, with a warm shawl over her.

Poor little Polly! It was so hard to give up her only doll. But, when she thought of the little girl who was to have her, she brushed away her tears, and tried to smile.

Then the covers were nailed down, and soon the boxes were gliding over the crisp white snow in Farmer Brown's bob-sled.

When the long railroad journey was over, and Louisa May was taken out of the box, she found herself in a large room full of coats, hats, aprons, mittens, and everything to keep children warm in winter. At last she was placed on a shelf in a closet, where she stayed a night and a day and another day. Then a lady came to get some clothes for a little baby. Just as she lifted a tiny white slip, she found Louisa May. "Why you dear little dolly! Where did you come from?"

Louisa May was so glad to be spoken to again she could not even reply; but it was not long before Polly's note was found pinned to Louisa May's dress: —

Dear little City Girl,— This is Louisa May Wiggins. She is two years old, and has had mumps and mesuls both. She always sleeps with her muther and is a good girl. Pleze luve her. I send luve to you.

Her muther,

POLLY WIGGINS.

There were so many tear-stains on the note that it could not be read easily; but, long before it was read, Louisa May's new home had been selected. "We will give you to Rosie Markham; for she longs for a dolly to love, and has never had one."

All night, as Louisa May lay upon the shelf, she stared up at the ceiling, and wondered if Rosie had blue eyes and golden hair, if she would have a cradle and a rocking-chair, and would sing to her.

The next day, when Rosie came to the mission, she was given the doll. Louisa May saw a little girl who did not look very much like Polly; for Polly had two braids of shining yellow hair, two blue eyes, and two pink cheeks with dimples in them.

Rosie was a very little girl with large brown eyes and a few brown curls, which were not brushed as often as Polly's braids, and two cheeks that were so white and thin there were no places for dimples. But she was so happy as she trudged home through the snow, hugging the doll close to her, and whispering the same things to her that Polly did.

When Rosie turned into a narrow alley, Louisa May was frightened at first because it was so dark. Next Rosie went through a stable where some horses were kept; and, climbing the steep stair steps at the side, she was at home. It was a very different home from the one in which Polly lived, where they had pretty flowers at the windows, and where the sun shone through snowy curtains. However, these thoughts did not show on Louisa May's face; and Rosie never knew that she was longing for her old home.

The little brothers and sisters were so glad to see her that I am quite sure Louisa May was glad to be there; and, if it had been possible, she would have written to Polly, telling her how much she enjoyed being a missionary doll.

For Every Other Sunday.

A CHILD'S LOVE.

BY WILLIAM BRUNTON.

It grows to knowledge free and wise,
  Like violets of May;
It sparkles in the blue of eyes,
  Brighter than joy of play.
To murmur low the mother's name,
  And father's fair repeat,
Makes heart of youth with gladness flame,
  And evermore is sweet!

How loyally it learns to trust
  These angels of esteem!
It knows their spirit kind and just,
  As glory of its dream;
All beautiful as Eden old,
  In home all blessings meet;
And, like the city built of gold,
  The thought of it is sweet.

WHAT NANSEN SAYS.

NANSEN, in his popular lecture on his arctic exploration, says of the polar night and the beautiful aurora: —

You get tired of the long polar days, and then perhaps you begin to long for the polar night with the stars again. But the fall comes, the sun sinks to the horizon again, and then at midnight you have a most wonderful sky. The sun sinks deeper, and the evening sky gets clearer and the ice world is dreaming in the light of the northern stillness. At last the sun disappears under the horizon, and then the dawn in the south grows fainter and fainter every day. But it is wonderfully beautiful, this twilight of the dying, disappearing polar day. It is like dreamland, painted in the imagination's most delicate tints. It is a far-away, faint, clear music; a distant, subdued melody. It is a sad scene of the dying day. But it grows darker and darker: the dawn grows fainter and fainter until the last trace of dawn disappears in the south, and then the north, dark, polar night has commenced, and will prevail for five months without break. How wonderful when the still moon is soaring through the heavens for fourteen days and nights at a time! You may dream this in some unknown world, far away from the unrest and bustle of men and all the world's strife,—away far from the madding crowd.

And in his description of the Northern lights he says: —

But, then, still more inspiring than all this are the Northern lights, which are of eternally shifting beauty during the whole winter. You could never tire of looking at this weird flow of light. It begins, perhaps, in a far-away, faint, pale yellow, spectral light in the western horizon. Like the reflection of some distant fire, it now brightens and suddenly, perhaps, is half out; but at the touch of some magic wand the streams of light come nearer and nearer, and like a fiery serpent it writhes itself over the firmament, shining brighter and brighter as it approaches. One stripe is of gold, then of red, with spots of gold, another of yellow, and another of a ghastly greenish-white. Now they grow stronger and again fainter, never at rest,—peaceless, like the yearning soul of man. Suddenly the whole thing disappears, and new streams form into fantastic shapes and figures; and again at times it is like silvery waves on which dreams travel in the unknown worlds. And now it begins again. Streaks of fire begin to wave in various directions,—first in the west, bounding upwards higher and higher, and you will see it with one burst cover the sky everywhere, the whole heavens covered with a ruddy red and yellow and green and white, and all bound higher and higher, and suddenly they meet to form a glorious crown.

For Every Other Sunday.

ONE SUNDAY MORNING.

BY MAY MANNERING.

A MOTHER and her daughter were strangers in the town.

They had come out of the hot city for the benefit of the little girl, who had been ill many weeks. One Sunday morning, after a wearisome night, the mother was "off duty" for an hour. She strolled away through the maple-shaded streets, and soon heard the voices of children singing a tune which seemed familiar.

The singing ended before the mother reached the little meeting-house. The early morning Sunday School was just being dismissed. The minister was a woman. She said a few words of farewell, and then pronounced the benediction. The only service held there in summer was the Sunday School. *That* couldn't be given up, even for the warm months.

The minister then walked down to the open door, took the hand of each person passing out, looked into each face, and said some helpful word.

As the tired mother came up, her hand was taken, too; and, as the minister looked into the pale, worn face, she said, most impressively, most earnestly, "God bless you!"

Turning away to hide a tear, the mother saw a woman, much bent with years, who held out to her a little paper. Thankfully taking it, the mother-nurse hurried back to her charge; and, as soon as possible, out upon the piazza the precious little sheet was read from the first to the last word, that day, by mother and daughter.

The words in the last column of the last page have remained in the memory of that mother and daughter ever since that summer day. Here they are: —

"When obstacles and trials seem
  Like prison bars to be,
I do the little I can do,
  And leave the rest with Thee."

A really good man is known by three signs,— generosity in the design, humanity in the execution, and moderation in success. BISMARCK.

THE HUSH OF EVE.

The sparrows have come to their nest 'neath the eaves,
The sunset is red in the west;
The purple light lingers on countless leaves,
The vane on the tower is at rest.

The blest hush of evening covers the earth,
And peace transfigures the sky,
While there in the infinite blue stars have birth,
And there fairy moonbeams lie.

The babies are sleeping in beds of white,
Their dimpled hands folded away;
They dream of the flowers in fields of light,
While mother hearts watch and pray.

Dear God, o'er the little ones Thy watch keep,
Guard them with tender care;
May angels the children through realms of sleep
Upon their glad pinions bear.

ETHELYN T. ABBOTT.

For Every Other Sunday.

DOGS THAT WERE MIND-READERS.

BY MARY T. MOTT.

WHEN I was a child on the prairie, one of the most important members of the family was our large watch dog, Uncas. I do not know that he was of any especially fine breed, but he was a very trusty and resolute friend. My married sister lived half a mile from us; and he always escorted me to her house and back, lying on the porch while I stayed, and, if my visit was too long for his taste, frequently coming to the window to tell me by a short, peremptory bark that it was time to go home.

If any one outside of the family connection went back with us, he always walked between me and the other person, generally holding the corner of my shawl in his mouth.

His sense of personal responsibility for the safety of the members of the household was wonderfully strong. As we had come from Ohio to this newly settled region, we constantly entertained people who came from our old State in search of homes. Uncas usually treated such visitors with distant civility, but on one occasion made himself very disagreeable.

A man of good appearance, driving a fine pair of horses and a light spring wagon, came to see my parents, stating that he was the Rev. Mr. B—— from a town in Ohio where we had friends, and that he had been directed to father for information. As he knew acquaintances of the family, he was hospitably received, though Uncas eyed him with great disfavor. After dinner, he asked my mother to drive over with him to see my grandfather, living a mile away. She thanked Mr. B——, and, taking the baby, got into the wagon. As soon as she did so, Uncas jumped into the vehicle, and seated himself behind my mother and her guest. During the ride, if the driver, in handling the lines, made a gesture in her direction, the dog growled; and, when they reached the house, grandfather had to come out and assist her to alight, her protector refusing to let the stranger touch her hand. Uncas followed her in, and lay beside her chair during the visit,—a thing quite startling, as he was not accustomed to enter the house. He guarded her home in the same jealous manner, and was not easy in his feelings till our visitor took his leave next morning.

A few weeks later we learned that the Rev. Mr. B—— was really a man of bad character, who had been turned out of his church and dismissed from the ministry. How the dog knew that he was unworthy of trust was a problem we never solved.

My love for our loyal dog friend caused me long after his death and my removal to California to bestow his name on another four-footed guardian of my interests, a monstrous creature of mingled St. Bernard and Newfoundland blood. He was as affectionate to my friends and as determined in his feeling of duty as the first Uncas; but his strength and his combative disposition made it unpleasant to take him abroad, as he usually indulged in violent affrays with other dogs, whose masters threatened him with death. We therefore chained him up before driving away; and, when the buggy was driven up to the door, he generally walked to the door of his kennel, ready to be fastened to a heavy chain, but eloquently pleading to be permitted to accompany us. On one occasion a young gentleman, who was a great friend of my husband and a frequent visitor, desired to borrow a saddle; and Dr. M—— put it on the veranda in reach of the dog, before we drove away. Mr. B——, coming for it, received a cordial welcome from Uncas. After a little play with the good-humored old fellow, the visitor stooped to take up the saddle, when a large paw was laid on it, and a deep growl of warning was given. Desisting, Mr. B—— was treated with every mark of fondness; but no amount of petting would induce the guardian of the place to let the saddle be carried away.

Uncas took an instantaneous dislike to Mr. N——, and, when unchained, would hardly permit him to come on the place, particularly if Dr. M—— was absent. This person had a full-grown son, who was weak-minded; and one day this unfortunate strayed into our yard, and within reach of the dog just fastened up.

"Don't go near that dog," cried my husband, alarmed. "He will bite you!"

"No, no!" mumbled the poor creature, stroking Uncas's great head: "he no bite me!" And the wise dog licked the caressing hand, understanding the visitor's infirmity.

WASHINGTON ELM—CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

THE MOTHER'S ROOM.

He's that boy that lives with his aunt, you know,
I'm awfully sorry for poor Jack Roe;
And he says his house is filled with gloom
Because it has got no "mother's room."
I tell you what, it is fine enough
To talk of "boudoirs" and such fancy stuff;
But the room of rooms that seems best to me,
The room where I'd always rather be,
Is mother's room, where a fellow can rest,
And talk of the things his heart loves best.

What if I do get dirt about,
And sometimes startle my aunt with a shout;
It is mother's room, and, if she don't mind,
To the hints of others I'm always blind.
Maybe I lose my things: what then?
In mother's room I find them again.
And I've never denied that I litter the floor
With marbles and tops and many things more;
But I tell you, for boys with a tired head,
It is jolly to rest it on mother's bed.

Now, poor Jack Roe, when he visits me,
I take him to mother's room, you see,
Because it's the nicest place to go
When a fellow's spirits are getting low.
And mother, she's always kind and sweet,
And there's always a smile poor Jack to greet;
And somehow the sunbeams seem to glow
More brightly in mother's room, I know,
Than anywhere else, and you'll never find gloom
Or any old shadow in mother's room.

New York Tribune.

Advice is seldom welcome. Those who need it most like it least. JOHNSON.

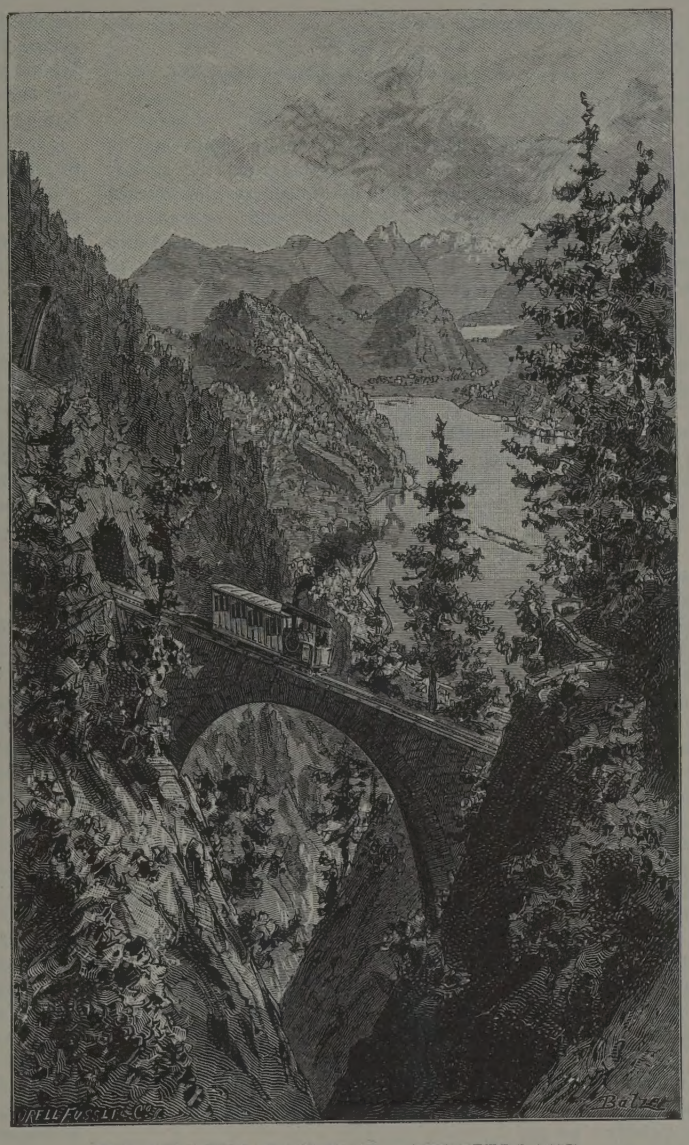
Truth for authority, not authority for truth.
LUCRETIA MOTT

A SPOILED CAT.

THE softest little fluff of fur!
The gentlest, most persuasive purr!
Oh, everybody told me that
She was the "loveliest little cat!"
So when she on the table sprung,
And lapped the cream with small red tongue,
I only gently put her down,
And said, "No, no!" and tried to frown;
But, if I had been truly kind,
I should have made that kitten mind!

Now, large and quick and strong of will,
She'll spring upon the table still,
And, spite of all my watchful care,
Will snatch the choicest dainties there;
And everybody says, "Scat! scat!
She's such a dreadful, dreadful cat!"
But I, who hear them, know, with shame,
I only am the one to blame;
For in the days when she was young,
And lapped the cream with small red tongue,
Had I to her been truly kind,
I should have made that kitten mind.

Selected.



MT. PILATUS RAILWAY — SWITZERLAND.

For Every Other Sunday.

ONE OF ED'S TRICKS.

BY LEANDER S. KEYSER.

"LET'S go out into the woods to-day, Ed, and gather black haws."

"Say we do, Will; and suppose we put in the whole day in the woods."

"That will suit me to an i's dot. Our mothers will fix us up a luncheon if we ask them, and then we can take a long ramble through the woods. You go and ask your mother, and I'll ask mine."

"Agreed."

Both boys scampered away, each going to his own home; and, in a short time, their luncheons were stowed away in a basket large enough for both of them, and then they were ready for their jaunt. They were country boys, and their homes were scarcely more than a quarter of a mile apart. It need hardly be said that they were great chums.

But perhaps you would like to know the names of the two lads; that is, the rest of their names besides Will and Ed. Will's surname was Harvey, and Ed's was Price.

As they go trudging along toward the large timber tract a mile away, we might learn something about Ed. It should be made known at this point in the story that he was what the boys call "tricky." If he could play a sharp game on one of his playmates or even on his parents, he thought it great sport, and called it "such a good joke."

Once he dipped the end of his finger in coal soot,— it was Sunday morning,— and drew it across his father's forehead just when Mr. Price was ready to go to church; and his father actually went into the church with that black streak across his forehead.

"I had to suffer for it," Ed said to some of the boys afterward; "but, oh, it was such a good joke! I had to lie down on the floor and roar, after we got home from church."

"Well, you deserved the punishment you got for playing such a trick," declared one of his hearers. "It was going a little too far, I think."

Ed's parents often warned him that his "tricks" would some time get him into trouble; but the love of fun was stronger in the boy than the fear of danger or punishment, and so no one was ever safe from his practical jokes.

In half an hour Ed and Will had reached the woods, into which they plunged with such enjoyment as only healthy, care-free boys can know. It was a bright autumn day, and everywhere the ground was thickly covered with a rustling carpet of brown leaves. The boys stopped now and then to watch a tufted titmouse eat an acorn or a beechnut, and to listen to the sweet minor whistle of the black-capped chickadee, which often tunes its pipe in the fall.

Their search for the luscious black haws was rewarded. The frosts had ripened them, and they were abundant. After eating their luncheon, the boys filled their basket with large clusters of haws to take home to their parents and smaller brothers and sisters.

Then they gave themselves up to play. They had a game of hide-and-seek among the trees and clumps of bushes. Then they ran along on the large logs lying here and there on the ground, after which they bent down a couple of lithe saplings and converted them into swings. What sport boys can have in the woods! Tiring of this active kind of play, they flung themselves on the leaf-strewn ground, and kicked up their heels into the air. They were having such a gala time that Ed never thought of playing any of his "tricks" on his companion. At length Will said,—

"I believe I'm ready to eat some more haws."

"How can you eat any more, Will?' said Ed. "I've eaten enough to last me a week. But then you're such a poor, sickly boy that it takes a great deal to keep you alive, poor boy!" Ed laughed. "Let me feed you. Let's play that you're blind and can't feed yourself. Now shut your eyes and open your mouth."

Will obeyed by getting on his knees, throwing back his head, closing his eyes, and opening his mouth.

"You're a poor blind little bird, and I've got to feed you," said Ed, in pretended pity, dropping the haws one at a time into his playmate's mouth.

This afforded amusement for a few minutes, but soon grew too tame for Ed. He wanted something a little more exciting. Just then his eye caught sight of several clumps of dark-red berries on a bush within arm's length of where he was sitting. A thought struck him.

"What a joke it would be to drop one of those berries into Will's mouth!" he said in his mind. "I'd just like to see how he'd look and act. I suppose the berries are as bitter as quinine; and I know that's bitter enough, for I took some once when I had the chills. Oh, it would be such fun to see Will open his eyes and spit the berry out!"

The temptation was too great to be resisted. It might be a little risky; but "You can't have any fun unless you take some risk," was Ed's way of reasoning. He reached out slyly, and plucked one of the dark-red berries. Will did not notice him, for he suspected no trick. Then Ed dropped the berry into Will's mouth. Will was eating so fast just then that he gave the berry one bite, scarcely tasting it, and then gulped it down, rather to Ed's surprise.

Will coughed, and began to spit.

"You gave me something bitter, so you did," he cried. "What did you do that for?"

Will looked so surprised and comical that Ed rolled over on the ground, and roared with laughter.

"You gave me a bitter berry," accused Will. "Whew! what an ugly taste!"

Will kept on spitting, and Ed kept on laughing.

"What if the berry you gave me was poison?" said Will.

That sobered Ed a little. "Oh, I guess it wasn't," he tried to say carelessly.

But he was uneasy; and, in order to divert Will's attention, he proposed to play leap-frog. After they had played a few minutes, however, Will sat down on a log, and said,—

"Ed, I'm beginning to feel sick."

"Sick?" asked Ed, in some alarm. "How do you feel?"

"My stomach pains me so. It's the berry you gave me, Ed."

"I wonder if it could have been a poison kind," said Ed, his face growing pale. "O Will, I didn't think you'd swallow it,— sure I didn't! I thought you'd spit it out as soon as you'd tasted it."

"What shall we do?" moaned Will.

"Let's not give up. Let's try to get home as soon as we can."

The boys started toward home, which was a mile and a half distant. After they had gone almost to the edge of the woods, Will said:—

"Ed, I've got to stop. I feel so sick!" And he staggered and would have fallen, had not Ed caught him.

"Sit down and rest a little while, and don't give up," said Ed. "I'm so sorry I did it," he almost sobbed. "I didn't mean — But come, Will, let's try to get home."

"I can't walk home: I can't go any farther," declared Will.

"Then I'll carry you," said Ed. "Here! Get on my back, and I'll go as fast as I can."

It was a good thing that Ed was strong and active. As he struggled along with Will clinging to his back, every muscle was taxed to its utmost. His burden had grown quite heavy by the time they reached the border of the woods. Will was moaning with the pain in his stomach.

"Will," pleaded Ed, "brace up as much as you can. There's Mr. Porter's house just down the road a little way. I'll carry you down there; and we'll have him hitch up one of his fastest horses, and take you to town to a doctor. Cheer up! I'll save you, if it kills me," he added, with a look of strong resolve.

Mr. Porter, standing on his front porch, was puzzled to see a boy running up to the gate, bearing another boy of almost his own size on his back; but, when Will had breathlessly told his story, the man rushed to the barn, and a minute later drove up to the gate in his buggy. In another minute Mr. Porter, Ed, and Will were speeding toward the town, which was a little over a mile distant.

"Hurry! hurry! Mr. Porter," pleaded Ed.

But Mr. Porter needed no urging. His horse had trotted to the nearest doctor's office in a few minutes, although they seemed hours to the anxious lads. The physician soon had the sick boy in charge. An emetic caused him to vomit the poison berry out of his stomach, and he at once felt relieved. Other antidotes were quickly given, and by and by Will was ready to be taken home.

"It was one of the most poisonous berries that grows in the woods," said the doctor. "If you had got here a quarter of an hour later, I fear the boy would have been beyond help. The poison would have gone into his system."

"Oh! oh!" sobbed Ed, breaking down at last, after having been so brave. "It was my fault. I'll never play any more tricks,— indeed, I won't."

Ed's resolve was faithfully kept.

FEEDING ELEPHANTS IN INDIA.

ELEPHANTS in the Indian army are fed twice a day. When meal-time arrives, they are drawn up in line before a row of piles of food. Each animal's breakfast includes ten pounds of raw rice, done up in five two-pound packages. The rice is wrapped in leaves, and then tied with grass. At the command, "Attention!" each elephant raises its trunk, and a package is thrown into its capacious mouth. By this method of feeding not a single grain of rice is wasted.

Selected.

March comes in like a lamb, and goes out like a lion.

If March comes in with adder's head,
It goes out with peacock tail.

Winds in March and rains in April promise great blessings in May.

For Every Other Sunday.

RAFF.

In Three Parts: — Part II.

BY ANNE E. PURINTON.

SUSETTE wandered aimlessly about, staring at the saints and shrines and the shabby gewgaws. With her finger-tips she touched some faded artificial flowers, which seemed with their drooping heads to be ashamed of their own worthlessness. Then she stooped, and spoke to a little child who stood in her pathway. She laughed with such charming gayety that Raff felt inclined to approach. Suddenly she raised her eyes, and with a new sense of shyness he retreated to his corner again.

But she had seen him. She gave an exclamation, and with an air of indecision came nearer. Raff blandly smiled.

"Then you are the same boy," she said with a little excitement in her voice. "Where are the birds? Of course, you haven't forgotten your promise." She stopped, and gave him a critical look.

He certainly did not look like one in whom she could repose very much confidence. He was dirtier and a little more dilapidated than he was the day before. The child looked at him from his crownless hat to his yawning shoes that were tied with bits of string, and then she gave a petulant sigh of disapproval.

"You are very peculiar," she said. "I hope you don't tell lies."

Raff laughed, fixing his clear dark eyes upon her. He thought he could, if occasion demanded; and he nodded his head.

Susette regarded him with growing disfavor. "Dear me, how very untidy you are! Why don't your mother mend that?" she said, pointing to his ragged shirt-sleeve.

Raff smiled tolerantly, and with a matter-of-fact air told her he had no mother. "Never had any," he said with a wise shake of his head.

"Why, what do you mean? There isn't any sense in that. Boys always have mothers."

No response from Raff. He waited for her to go on.

"My mamma is dead, and gone to heaven. Most likely that is where yours has gone."

For the first time Raff looked vague and curious. He put his hands into his trousers pockets, showing off their amplitude to greatest advantage, and approached nearer.

"Where is heaven? I never heard of it," he said quickly.

"Why, up there," she said, pointing with her finger through the aperture of the dome.

Raff's face fell with sudden disappointment. Was his mother no nearer than the far-away stars?

"If you are good, you will see her some day," she said with a little air of condescension. "But she would hate wicked boys. She'd hate boys that stole. She'd hate boys that told lies. Now you will bring the birds, surely, quick," she said eagerly; "for here comes papa."

Her father advanced toward them. "H-m," he said. "What new acquaintance have you picked up?"

"Papa, papa, he is the queerest boy you ever saw; and he is going to bring the birds," she said excitedly.

"That is a misfortune," said her father, with a shrug. "What is your name?" he asked, turning to Raff.

"Raphael," replied Raff, promptly.

"You are right, Susette. He is queer," said the gentleman, with a laugh. "The responsibility of bearing such a name must be overpowering. Are you paying homage at the tomb of your ancestor?" he said to the child in a mocking voice.

The boy looked up with such an inquiring glance that the gentleman paused. "Well, well, I hope you will be worthy of your namesake," he said more kindly, as he spoke slipping a franc into Raff's palm.

"Don't forget the birds," called out Susette as they left him.

Raff's face beamed with joy as he surveyed his possession. It was more than he had ever had at one time in his life. He hardly knew what to do with it; but he dropped it into a lonely corner of his pocket, and wandered off by himself to think it over.

He looked vaguely around. The old *padre* had once told him something about a place called heaven, had shown him a colored print of a man nailed to a cross. It had puzzled him while he had thought of it, which wasn't long; for he was not much interested. The old man had sent him out for fresh radishes, and by the time he came back he had forgotten all about it. But this had a more personal application. What if he had a mother in heaven? He looked above him, and saw the white clouds floating across the sky. It seemed far away. He looked toward the mountains; and there, sure enough, the clouds touched them. Of course, that was the way to heaven. Energy and courage would take him there. He had both, and some day he meant to attempt it.

It is strange what careless words are spoken and what endless impressions they leave behind. Raff could never be quite alone in the world again. As the days went on, some silent power seemed working in his mind; and he loved to think that his mother was watching him. He didn't think much of it in the daytime. He was apt to be busy, and one couldn't do everything. But in the night, when the quiet stars were shining over his head, he took strange fancies. At such an hour sweet unseen things came near him, and to his childish mind the twinkling stars were the eyes of the Great Master that looked down upon him lovingly and tenderly.

It was on the next day after he had seen Susette that Raff had the opportunity of stealing the thrushes. Old Saddio was to go over to Frascati, to be gone all day. "It is a long bit of a way, and very steep. It is like going to the end of the world," he grumbled.

Raff pricked up his ears. The end of the world! Why, yes! Perhaps Frascati was the end of the world. He wanted to ask Saddio if he might go with him; but he dared not, he was so cross.

As soon as Saddio was well out of sight, he rushed down into the cellar-way to hunt up the thrushes. There were many of them piled in their cages, one on top of the other. The birds nervously clung to the bars at Raff's approach. They knew not whether it were friend or foe, and resented intrusion. With the assistance of a ladder Raff reached them. It was easy enough to help himself, and old Saddio would not miss them for a long time. With a child's philosophy, the future was so far away he had no terror of it. He chose the prettiest pair that he could find, and, with the cage in hand, climbed down from his high perch.

"Raph-a-e-l! Raph-a-e-l!" Raff hesitated, then halted in mid-air. He thought he heard the sound of footsteps. It seemed as if future retribution already assailed him. A guilty conscience caused him to tremble. He stumbled, and fell with the birds on the ground.

"Raph-a-e-l! Raph-a-e-l!" What stupidity! It was only the parrots' chatter, and he recognized it easily enough now. He picked himself up, and laughed softly. Such a trifle as that was easily forgotten.

The birds were on the ground, fluttering in their

cage. The door had flown open; and, if they had been wise, they would have been free. But they had by no means recovered from their fright, and they failed to see their advantage.

As Raff picked up the cage and put it in the doorway, he noticed a bird circling overhead. Higher and higher it flew, until it disappeared in the clouds. "What if they had flown!" he said to himself.

The sunshine fell into the door, and the little warblers trilled out a little air of thankfulness. Raff watched them, and his face grew sober. "What if they had flown!" he thought with sudden shamefacedness. "They fly so high!" he said, raising troubled eyes to the sky. "It seems like they might tell the mother, and she'd hate wicked boys. She'd hate boys that steal."

How very inconvenient that little monitor within had proved to be! Turn where he would, it confronted him. Try as he might, he could invent no excuse for taking the birds. "She'd hate wicked boys! She'd hate boys that steal!" seemed the very words that the happy birds warbled forth.

With a sudden determination in his face, he took the cage, climbed the ladder, and, in spite of the note of protest, returned the thrushes to their old quarters.

Many a day after that Raff went into the Parthenon, hoping again to meet Suzette; but it was not there that he at last met her. One morning Saddio had an errand for him to do. It was at the other end of the Corso. "No lagging to-day!" said Saddio, sternly. "My old bones ache, and you must tend the stall."

Raff started off at a pace that would have insured a speedy return, had he kept it up. But the Corso had many attractions; and presently he was standing still, in open-mouthed wonder.

A carriage drawn by four black horses, followed by mounted horsemen, slowly drove up the Corso. They were the royal guard. One might have known it was the queen by the manner of the people. The itinerant salesmen stopped their shouting, and beggar and peasant rushed to the edge of the pavement to see her pass. If there was anything to see, you may be sure that Raff was there. Like a cat, he crept through the crowd.

"Who is it?" he asked of an old woman, who, with ready enthusiasm, was fluttering a red handkerchief in her hand.

"By all the saints, have you lived in Rome, and not seen the queen? Now look out sharp. She is free-handed with her smiles, and her smile is a blessing. But take care. Your elbows are hedging into my ribs!" she said, giving him a push.

Raff had excitedly stepped before her, crushing her against a building. He dutifully stepped aside, and she was forgiving. She chattered eagerly while the queen was passing, and fluttered her signal of loyalty in the wildest manner.

"There, there. I must be off to carry my butter and eggs to market, though I shall be all the better for the sight of her sweet face. *Addio.* It brings good luck to see the queen." And the old woman, lifting her basket on her head, hurried off.

(*To be continued.*)

FLAG GUESSING.

A NICE entertainment for little missionary workers is what is kown as "Flag Guessing"; that is, a guessing game with the flags of all nations.

In almost any atlas or gazetteer will be found a page of flags, colored truthfully, and with the country each belongs to written underneath.

Any one who can draw at all, mechanically or otherwise, will find it an easy matter to copy these flags on a large sheet of bristol-board, substituting for the name of the country a number under each. The coloring with water-color paints is easily done, as the bristol-board takes water-color very well.

Sheets of paper, numbered down the side with as many numbers as there are flags, are given, one to each player, with a pencil. The card of flags is then hung up where all can see it, and half an hour is allowed for all to guess the countries to which the flags belong. At the end of the allotted time each signs his or her name to the list, and the papers are collected, a redistribution giving each player another's paper.

The hostess then reads from a list previously prepared: No. 1 is the American flag; No. 2 is the Union Jack; No. 3 is the Irish flag, etc., while all check off the correct guesses, and mark the papers accordingly. A very pretty prize for the winner is a dainty silk American flag, and for the booby prize the painted card of flags may be given.— *Selected.*

For Every Other Sunday.

A BARN-YARD INCIDENT.

(YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.)

ONCE a hawk he was a-circling,
A-circling in the air,
When, looking downward, he espied
Some chickens plump and fair.

The hawk he said unto himself:
"A chicken pie in view
Is very, very tempting, since
I have some nestlings, too."

Just then the terror of the barn
The mother hen espied;
And, clucking loudly to her brood,
She called them to her side.

"You see those bushes there?" she said,
"My chickens, you and I
Must start to run to them at once;
For a hawk is in the sky."

Running and hopping went the chicks,
As the hawk came swooping down,
But missed his aim, then flew away;
And the chicks were safe and sound.

FREDERICK JOHNSON.

LETTER-BOX.

WESTFORD, MASS.

Dear Editor,— I am a little girl, and I have been sick for a number of weeks.

As I am some better, I thought I would spend a little of my time in writing to the *Every Other Sunday.* I like to go to Sunday School very much. Our minister's name is Rev. L. H. Buckshorn. The children are all fond of him. My uncle, Mr. C. A. Chamberlain, is our superintendent. My Sunday School teacher's name is Mrs. Cameron. There are eight children in my class, all girls. I like to read the stories in *Every Other Sunday.* As I have never seen a letter in the letter-box from Westford, I hope you will think this good enough to print.

Yours truly,
BLANCHE LYMAN.

WOLLASTON, MASS.

Dear Editor,— I shall be pleased to see my enigma in the *Every Other Sunday.* I go to the Unitarian Sunday School in Wollaston. I enjoy the *Every Other Sunday* very much, and I spend my Sunday afternoons reading it and getting out the enigmas. So I thought I would like to write one.

Yours respectfully,
GEORGE E. BROWN,
Nine years old.

BROOKLYN, N.Y.

Dear Editor,— Yesterday I figured out an enigma, which I would like to see printed.

I am fond of working out the enigmas, and I thought I would make one.

I am a little girl, eleven years old, and go to the Second Unitarian Sunday School of Brooklyn.

Wishing your paper success, I remain,
Yours truly,
E. F. WHEELER.

CHICOPEE, MASS.

Dear Editor,— Enclosed please find two enigmas, which I should be pleased to have published in the *Every Other Sunday.*

I am a member of the Unitarian Sunday School of Chicopee, and take your paper. I enjoy it very much.

Yours truly,
THUSA A. WILSON.

BEVERLY, MASS.

Dear Editor,— I have already sent a puzzle (an enigma) to you, and, to my satisfaction, saw it printed in your paper. This time I enclose two anagrams. I am eleven years old; and I live in Beverly, and go to the Unitarian Sunday School. I also take your paper, and like it very much.

Yours truly,
CHESTER C. POPE.

TRANSPOSITION PUZZLE.

1. Preomer — Title of a foreign ruler.
2. Tsinergl — Of good quality.
3. Yrdta — What no child should be.
4. Ahpr — A musical instrument.
5. Neneig — A moving power.
6. Griwon — A pleasant summer pastime.

When these six words are rightly guessed and placed in the order named, the initials will give a book in the Bible.

M. A. W.

TWISTED BIRDS.

Letingk.	Prraows.
Eeadkhicc.	Oirev.
Rlebarw.	Fnihc-ldog.

DOROTHY WRIGHT.

ENIGMA XXV.

I AM composed of 33 letters.
My 14, 3, 4, is a plant.
My 9, 16, 31, 31, 27, 15, 1, are worn on the feet.
My 1, 4, 11, 12, 26, 21, 23, 12, is a girl's name.
My 8, 7, 27, 13, 28, 26, 29, is opposite of morning
My 2, 4, 9, 5, is a tract of land kept for pleasure
My 19, 22, 20, 2, is used to drive cattle.
My 2, 15, 20, 11, 33, 32, 25, 6, is a flower.
My 17, 16, 31, is to hold water in.
My 14, 33, 12, 10, is a dog's name.
My 18, 24, 11, is a personal pronoun.
My 30, 10, 11, 13, is a song of praise.
My whole is found in the New Testament.

MAUDE SIBLEY.

ENIGMA XXVI.

I AM composed of 22 letters.
My 14, 6, 12, 7, is of noble birth.
My 16, 18, 8, 22, 3, is used on dangerous coasts.
My 17, 15, 5, 21, 4, 3, is nice when full.
My 10, 9, 1, is common in Ireland.
My 19, 13, 21, 2, 20, is made from iron.
My whole is of old Virginia stock.

J. B. M.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 12.

ENIGMA XXII. *Milford Daily News.*
ENIGMA XXIII. Daniel Webster.
ANAGRAM. Edward Augustus Horton.

BEHEADED WORDS.

1. Plight — Blight.
2. Trim — Brim.
3. Meat — Beat.
4. Try — Fry.

PI PUZZLE.

WILL winter never be over?
Will the dark days never go?
Must the buttercups and the clover
Be always hid under the snow?

Ah, lend me your little ear, love!
Hark! 'tis a beautiful thing:
The weariest month of the year, love,
Is shortest and nearest the spring.

EDITOR'S CHAIR.

We refer to Washington once more, by the picture of the famous Elm at Cambridge, Mass. Here he took the great responsibility of leading the American troops into the Revolutionary struggle.

We acknowledge, with hearty thanks, several letters from our young readers, describing the picture in *Every Other Sunday* of Joan of Arc, and giving an account of her life. They are interesting, and we wish the letters might be printed; but there is not space for all, and we do not feel like publishing only one, when all are so good.

The writers so far heard from are Elizabeth Schneider, Lawrence, Mass., Theo Kingman, West Bridgewater, Mass., and Annie Clark, Baraboo, Wis.

Joan of Arc, these young contributors tell us, was a peasant girl of France, who thought she heard voices telling her to make France free. She could not read or write, but she was brave and good. After leading soldiers and fighting battles, she was captured, and burned at the stake by the English.

Are there any other "leaning towers" in Italy besides those at Bologna, as shown in our first picture?

MAKE-BELIEVE TOWN.

Oh, Make-believe Town is a place of delight,
Where wondrous things happen from morning till night.
You may go there in tatters, when, lo and behold!
In an instant you're decked out in velvet and gold!

You take there a broomstick, and, quick as a flash,
It's transformed to a charger, all fire and dash!
Or lovely white pony with long, silky mane,
Side saddle, gilt stirrups, and blue-ribbon rein!

The old rocking-chair, without arms or a back,
Can be changed to a chariot, engine, or hack!
The plain wooden floor in five minutes can be
A race course, a circus, a desert, a sea!

And the closet a castle where big giants wait
To capture the first one who comes to their gate!
In a wink it's a cave where bold, bad robbers hide,
Or a den where fierce dragons and ogres abide!

You've only to wish it, when, lo! at your feet
Is a fine desert island, rock bound and complete!
You've only to speak, in an instant you can
Be Robinson Crusoe or Friday, his man!

Whatever you wish for, it's waiting for you;
Whatever you dream of, that dream will come true!
You can be what you will, from a king to a clown,
If once you gain entrance to Make-believe Town!

Claudia Tharin, *in St. Nicholas.*

Our humanity were a poor thing but for the divinity that stirs within us. Bacon.

He that can have patience can have what he will. Franklin.

If a superintendent desires a quiet Sunday School, he must be quiet himself. If upon accession to office he finds a noisy school, he must resist the tendency to conquer noise with noise. It will take some time to calm it down, but he can do it if he himself is calm and self-poised. But, if he shouts and stamps and rings a bell, he will but add to the spirit of tumult. When the engine in a building rattles and bangs, every one in it is compelled to speak in a halloo key.

OUTLOOK.

The new Easter Service has been ordered by other Sunday Schools than Unitarian; for instance, Universalist and Swedenborgian. There is no reason why its sentiments should not be acceptable to the churches of any faith.

How much Rev. Thomas R. Slicer (All Souls' Church, New York City) believes in working for the young people is shown in these facts: he has a vigorous Sunday School, kindergarten under expert teacher, and pastor's Bible class. These are for Sunday. Mr. Slicer has also pastor's week-day class and pastor's class for young men and young women.

The following list shows how widely the new Book of Song and Service is being introduced. The Sunday Schools here named have adopted the book within a short time past: All Souls', New York City; Worcester, Mass. (Universalist); Newton Centre, Mass.; Eastport, Me.; San Francisco, Cal. (Second Church); Belfast, Me.; Chicago, Ill., Church of the Redeemer (Universalist); Presque Isle, Me.; Arlington Street Church, Boston, Mass.; Wilton, N.H.; Ogdensburg, N.Y. (Universalist); Ithaca, N.Y.; Bethel, Me.; Pittsfield, Mass.; Luverne, Minn.; and Pepperell, Mass.

An interesting letter from the superintendent of the Troy Unitarian Sunday School (Sarah A. Kenney) states that new life has been developed in all the departments of the school. A free home feeling pervades the whole. There is an orchestra, consisting of violins, cornet, and alto horns, made up from the young people of the church.

At Ithaca, N.Y., the newly settled minister, Rev. U. G. B. Pierce, has taken the Sunday School in hand. He is planning more systematic instruction, and also relies greatly upon A Book of Song and Service for striking the key-note of interest and order. "I think the book is a model. It is an education simply to handle such a piece of printed perfection," is the judgment expressed.

The new Easter Service, published by the Unitarian Sunday-School Society, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, is full of good things. The music is easy, the words are expressive of the different Easter thoughts, and the devotional exercises are ample. We have already given a list of the composers. It contains six songs, besides response and versicle. Price 5 cents a copy, $4.00 a hundred.

The large four-page leaflet containing poems for Easter exercises will prove of great aid to many Sunday Schools. The selections include many choice stanzas from our best poets. Price 5 cents a copy.

The February meeting of the Boston Sunday-School Union offered a rich programme. General subject, "Successful Conditions of Sunday-School Work," divided as follows: "Reverence," treated by Rev. F. B. Hornbrooke; "Order," by Mrs. James A. Beatley; "Attention," by Lieutenant E. M. Weaver of the United States Regular Army and Rev. Edward A. Horton.

The new introductory exercises, published by the Unitarian Sunday-School Society, are welcomed as very timely. They are intended to be memorized and finally become permanent possessions in the pupils' minds. They are "Opening Service" and "Scriptural Liturgy." These do not take the place of regular Sunday-School opening exercises, but are planned to enrich them, and can be pasted into the service books. Price 50 cents a hundred. Samples sent on application, without cost.

The Chicago Union of Liberal Sunday Schools had for its subject in January "The Training of Sunday-School Teachers." The leading address was given by Rev. R. A. White, Universalist. Good results have followed the organization of the liberal Sunday-School elements in Chicago.

The current leaflet lessons on "Beacon Lights of Christian History" have been found very useful in Guilds and Young People's Union meetings. Advanced classes have also taken them with great profit. They open up most attractive lines of investigation, revealing the past and new light.

We are delighted to learn from a Sunday-School worker in St. Louis, Mo., that there is a plan afoot to form a Sunday-School Union of the liberal elements. By all means may this plan succeed! It would give fresh vigor and new strength to the various schools and the workers in them.

The superintendents of Unitarian Sunday Schools in Boston have formed an organization to consider the subjects applying to their special duties. They meet every month, and have thus far found the sessions very beneficial.

In Salem, Mass., the modern spirit of organization has led the ministers and superintendents to join in union meetings for the study of a common lesson. In this way there is a solid march forward of all the forces, and each teacher gains double information and power. The charge of the meetings is taken successively in turn by the different ministers of the city.

We have received several letters commending the new feature in *Every Other Sunday*,— the "Outlook." We trust it will serve as a medium between the various schools and the teachers, and throw some light on the methods and conditions of our Sunday Schools all over the land. To accomplish this excellent result, the superintendents and ministers must forward items of information and interest to the editor.

As showing the demand for text-books in our Unitarian Sunday Schools, and what is being used, we state that new editions of the following books have been issued, in answer to orders: "Lessons on the Acts of the Apostles," "Life of Jesus" (Brown), "Sunday Helps for Little People," "Lessons on the Life of Jesus" (Mrs. Jaynes), "Teaching of Jesus, Intermediate Grade," "Lessons on the Old Testament" (Mrs. Jaynes), "An Illustrated Sunday-School Primer," "Citizen and Neighbor," "Questions for Bible Study, Series III., Books of the Bible," "Early Old Testament Narratives, Advanced Grade," "Early Old Testament Narratives, Intermediate Grade," "Story of Israel" (Mrs. Jaynes), "Beginning of Christianity" (Mrs. Jaynes), "Teaching of Jesus, Advanced Grade," "Early Hebrew Stories," and the "Teaching of Jesus" (Mrs. Jaynes).

Our Wollaston, Mass., friends have been celebrating the tenth anniversary of the founding of their society. The flourishing Sunday School (Mr. Frank A. Page, superintendent) held commemorative exercises on a Sunday forenoon with great success. It is a good thing to bring this department of church life prominently before the people.

The Spring Garden Sunday School, Philadelphia (Mr. Edward D. Barker, superintendent), is in excellent condition. We learn that there is "a fine corps of teachers, and the scholars are unusually regular in their attendance, and quite enthusiastic over their studies. The hour of attendance is 9.45 A.M. Possibly more would be in the membership if the time were later. Those pupils coming a great distance are the first on hand and the most regular. The teachers and children enjoy *Every Other Sunday*, and some seem to think the paper is better than ever before."

The Sunday School in Geneva, Ill., would like to learn of some entertainments given by Sunday-School pupils that have been successful. The object is to raise money. Something of a dramatic character for girls between twelve and fifteen years of age preferred. Titles or sample copies will be thankfully received by Rev. T. H. Eddowes.

At Middleboro, Mass., our Unitarian Sunday School is using "Beacon Lights of Christian History." The minister, Rev. Frederic C. Brown, has teachers' meetings,— a very important help in any school. The superintendent, Mr. Amos H. Eaton, and his associates are working hard in the Sunday-School department.

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(A BI-WEEKLY.)

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